

A Free Will Choice



The earth. The moon. The stars. Since time immemorial the flesh has cast its gaze toward the heavens and wondered how and when it all began. There have been many theories, but always the same lingering question. Why?

Why earthquakes and floods? Why drought and famine? Why pain and loss? Why disease and death? Why war? Why do empires rise, only to crumble back into dust? Why do innocents suffer while the guilty seem to walk free? And why won't whatever is in charge make it all stop?

Some profess to have found the answer. "There is no why. A quirk of probability. A conscious hunk of flesh brought into existence by happenstance. A hairless ape. You are born and then you die. There is no ultimate purpose, no 'grand plan' and certainly no 'magical sky wizard' watching over it all. There is only the here and the now. And so it is best to indulge your every appetite, for tomorrow you will be forever gone. Here, they say, is truth for those strong enough to embrace it. These are the Fallen of Creation known as the Sodomites. In times of darkness they usurp the throne. The empires they have guided to their unavoidable ruin have had many names: Akkadian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Hittite, Babylonian, Roman...but always the same familiar commandments of the damned.

Men act like women and women abandon their virtue.

Such is the time now.

Children are treated as sexual playthings and motherhood a burden.

Such is the time now.

Gluttony, sexual deviancy and sloth are celebrated as the highest attributes of man.

Such is the time now.

Debt replaces an honest day's work as means of payment.

Such is the time now.

The industrious, the temperate, the faithful—all viewed with suspicion, and the righteous declared enemies of the state that must be destroyed.

Such is the time now.

Honor and duty are mocked as superstitions of the stupid and the poor.

Such is the time now.

Envy and subterfuge replace prudence and shared sacrifice as the means of governance.

Such is the time now.

Speaking truth in the halls of academia is forbidden and the profane is declared sacred.

Such is the time now.

The army once comprised of fit volunteers bound together by oath is replaced by mercenaries—killers for hire—and the empire begins to suffer an irreversible series of battlefield defeats.

Such is the time now.

Animals hunted to extinction; forests torn down; mountains blasted to oblivion; oceans drained of all life. Man treats Creation as a master would treat a slave. No mercy is shown. Nothing is spared as the beast within endlessly seeks fleeting pleasure from something new to cram down its throat, snort up its nose, inhale into its lungs, inject into its veins.

Such is the time now. Historic, and unpayable, levels of debt. Birth rates below replacement level for the first time in recorded history. Sexually transmitted diseases ravage the population. Obesity and the ailments of excess the new normal. The army, navy, and air force that once enjoyed dominion of land, sea, and air, reduced to bloated-budget shadows of their former selves. Paper tigers just waiting for a rising power to put them out of their misery. And what is it that the Sodomites demand?

More!

More dope. More pornography. More alcohol. More gambling halls. More brothels. Humanity is racing toward the abyss and all that can be heard from the Fallen above the din of slot machines and drunken orgies is the cry **FASTER!**

And yet even in this darkest of hours there are those who see the clouds gathering on the horizon; those who hear the faint rumble of a mighty storm drawing ever nearer; those whose souls sense danger and the coming judgment. Like a flock of sheep who have been abandoned by their shepherd they huddle together at crossroads. Knowing they must choose if there is to be any chance of survival. One path, a steep and rocky climb beset with the traps of the wicked. The second, a paved road of seeming ease leading ever downward into the valley below.

Peoples of Western Liberalism, all my adult life I have sat at this crossroads. Silently waiting. Watching as what was foretold came to pass. Knowing that your empire would one day arrive, just as the countless empires before you did. Worry in your eyes, feigned defiance in your voices, and one question on your minds. “Which is the way that will return us to greatness?” You speak in riddles. For you know what must be done, just as those who came before you did. Yet I have sat and waited, as I was commanded, to give you your answer.

Before you is a Free Will Choice. One path a struggle for Redemption. The other a one-way journey to certain doom. Choose the later and you no longer need my council. You may carry on in your ways. The rest will take care of itself. If it is Redemption you seek then know democracy will remain. It is the only way forward. But all of your debauched ways will come to an end.

Within thirty days of taking the oath of office all “strip clubs” and “nude bars” throughout the state will be permanently closed down by my executive order. Public health hazards. All pornography establishments in the state will join them. Your daughters will grow up to become doctors, mothers, leaders, not sexual objects. The public promotion or celebration of sexual deviancy will be strictly prohibited, and if it is attempted in the presence of children it will be met with the iron hand of the law. Recreational drugs and the consumption of distilled alcohol will be banned. Gambling in the amount greater than five dollars will be forbidden. You have partied for the last forty-plus years. The party is over. There is work to be done and a civilization to save. You have no more time to waste getting high or in drunken stupors.

The prohibition against the hiring of persons not authorized to work within the state will be strictly enforced. Significant fines and mandatory temporary closures will be imposed for first time offenses for those who knowingly violate the law. Those who repeat in their treachery or those who grossly violate the prohibition will have their license to do business within the state permanently revoked; shall be subject to additional fines and incarceration, and all property and/or assets gained as a result of their criminal enterprise confiscated without compensation.

I will exercise the power of the governorship to bring about a ban on abortion except in the cases of untreatable fatal-fetal defect or if it be deemed medically necessary to save the life of the mother. And once passed, it will be declared *lex fundamenti*—foundational law. Never again subject to repeal or judicial fiat.

There will be no mutilating the genitalia of children with chemicals or scalpel, and any doctor found guilty of such will be barred for life from practicing medicine within the state and feel the

full weight of the government bear down upon them. Any person who attempts to transport a child across state lines to be mutilated will share a similar fate. The same applies to those who in words or deeds practice or promote the sexualization and/or molestation of children. They will be sought out and removed from society, root and branch.

The family comprised of the father, the mother and their children is the foundation upon which the future will be built. It will be promoted, jealously protected, and guided by the state to ensure its success.

There will be safe shelter for the needy, food for the hungry and medicines for the sick. To ensure this citizens will serve the state for a period not to exceed three years (except in times of declared emergency). It will be part of the coming of age process. But there will be no tax cuts in the offing. The storm cannot be stopped now. Yet there is still time to build a strong community that can weather it. If this becomes a beacon of the Light, refugees in Faith will arrive to bolster your numbers. Preparations must be made. Stores set aside. That will cost money. It will be money well spent.

Show these words to the Fallen and they will howl in contempt, turn to the drunken masses and proclaim that what I ask of you is cruel. But they speak in riddles, as always. For it is not I who command it. They will offer up one last debt-fueled orgy as a bribe and demand that I publicly declare what earthly rewards for your allegiance I offer in counter. But they speak in riddles, as always. For what I speak of is not mine to give. There will be no jeweled crowns, no slaves to serve you, no palatial estates waiting for their master's arrival. All I offer is all that was promised to those who will walk this path with me.

Hope.

It will not be enough. For Western Liberalism seeks not salvation, but exemption from the consequences of its choices. The warning of what is to come will fall on deaf ears. Dismissively waved off as little more than a single drop of rain to those who are oblivious to the coming flood. And when the last of the votes are tallied the Fallen will triumphantly declare, "The people have spoken! Their choices must be honored!" And indeed they will be.

In time the Sodomites will turn on one another in a vain attempt to save themselves. For there is no honor among the Fallen. The glutton will offer up the deviant as a sacrificial lamb. "Yes, I treat Creation as a master would treat a slave, gorging myself and taking more than I need. But look at how the deviant behaves! Judge him, not me." And the deviant will turn on the slothful. "Yes, I treat Creation as a master would treat a slave, destroying the planet to fashion my perverted toys and make way for my night clubs and brothels. But look at how the slothful lounges around! Judge him, not me." And the slothful will turn on them both. "Yes, I treat Creation as a master would treat a slave. Forsaking my share of the work, sleeping away the day instead of contributing toward Redemption. But look at the glutton and the deviant! Hoarding away instead of sharing with the needy. Visiting unspeakable horrors upon the children. Pray,

judge them, not me.” It will all come to naught, and in the end they will cry out in unison one last riddle to Providence. “Why have you forsaken us?! Show us a sign so that we may know what we must do.” But all they will see is a sky wild with lightning; the water rising unabated, and the last of their army of hired killers abandoning them. And all they will hear is the roll of thunder and the sound of their monuments to sin crashing down around them.

For you were given your answer and there will be none to turn to. This crossroads is where we first met. It will also be where we part ways. Western Liberalism will continue on its downward spiral, as was foretold. And I will begin the journey for the survivors who will rise from the ruins and ascend to the glorious future that awaits.

Jason Tate

